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America and Its Eagle

He Is the Symbol of Our National Spirit—When He Fights He Wins.

Of all creatures that live on earth, the right one was selected when the eagle was chosen to represent this country and its power.

The great bird is flying high and far in these days, carrying his power and his men across the Atlantic Ocean, to fight the eagles of Austria and Prussia.

What a wonderful bird for attacking and fighting! How magnificently he represents this country, the great mountains where he lives, the plains where he feeds!

His wings are the great fleets that we are building.

His beak and talons are the guns and the swords, the machine guns, the shrapnel and the dynamite.

And his heart is the courage of the men that are going to fight for the rights of other men and for the future of the human race.

We do queer things in America when we are not much in earnest. We choose the slow elephant and the long-eared donkey to represent our two great parties.

We chose the right bird to represent the nation.

This winged fighter flies at the head of every American regiment, and in the heart of every American soldier.

Realize how well the spirit of the eagle represents the spirit of this country, and you are not surprised at the glorious accounts of our men's fighting, or for one moment doubtful about the result, now that our huge bird has taken wing.

We have seven hundred thousand fighting men in France now.

We are spending in this great war TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS in one year—so many thousand millions lent to our friends in France, England and Italy; so many thousand millions for preparation; so much for heroic Belgium, whose desperate fight against hopeless odds made the Kaiser wait, and made his defeat certain.

If the war lasts we shall actually send to France a number of armed fighting men greater than the total population of this country, including women, children and Indians, in the day when Lafayette came over.

How surprised would he have been had he been told that almost within the lifetime of children then born this country would build twenty-five million tons of shipping and send for every living human being in the United States at that time a young, armed, fighting man to France in 1918 and 1919.

No wonder the Germans fight desperately, reckless of the cost.

They know what it is to have this nation, with its hundred millions of human beings and its fifty billions of annual income, fighting on the side of liberty.

The murderer Macbeth fought on desperately but with fear in his heart when he saw Birnam Forest move toward Dunsinane to attack him.

Another murderer, the German Kaiser, sees a forest moving to attack him. It is a forest made of the mass of ships moving from the new world of freedom across the ocean to attack him where he lives.

The witches had told Macbeth not to fear until Dunsinane Forest should move against him.

The German Emperor did not fear until he saw the great forest of American shipping moving irresistibly across the ocean—the eagle flying above.

A few years ago we should all have said that the great accomplishment of our ancestors was the establishment of a Government and nation in which human beings might develop normally and live happily—one hundred millions of them.

But now we know that this country has grown powerful for a work higher and nobler than the creating of mere prosperity and happiness at home.

We built our strength here, we are using it three thousand miles away, across the ocean.

From every home a man is taken—young and strong, the best, the chosen of all.

Everyone is told, "We want you. We may want your life. We have work for which you will die gladly."

We are not at war to increase our own happiness or prosperity. We shall be poorer by many billions and by the loss of priceless lives when this ends.

But we shall be infinitely richer than we ever were—the richest nation in the world.

The money and the strength that we have accumulated during a hundred years, in the name of freedom and equality, we are sending across the ocean to fight in the name of freedom and justice.

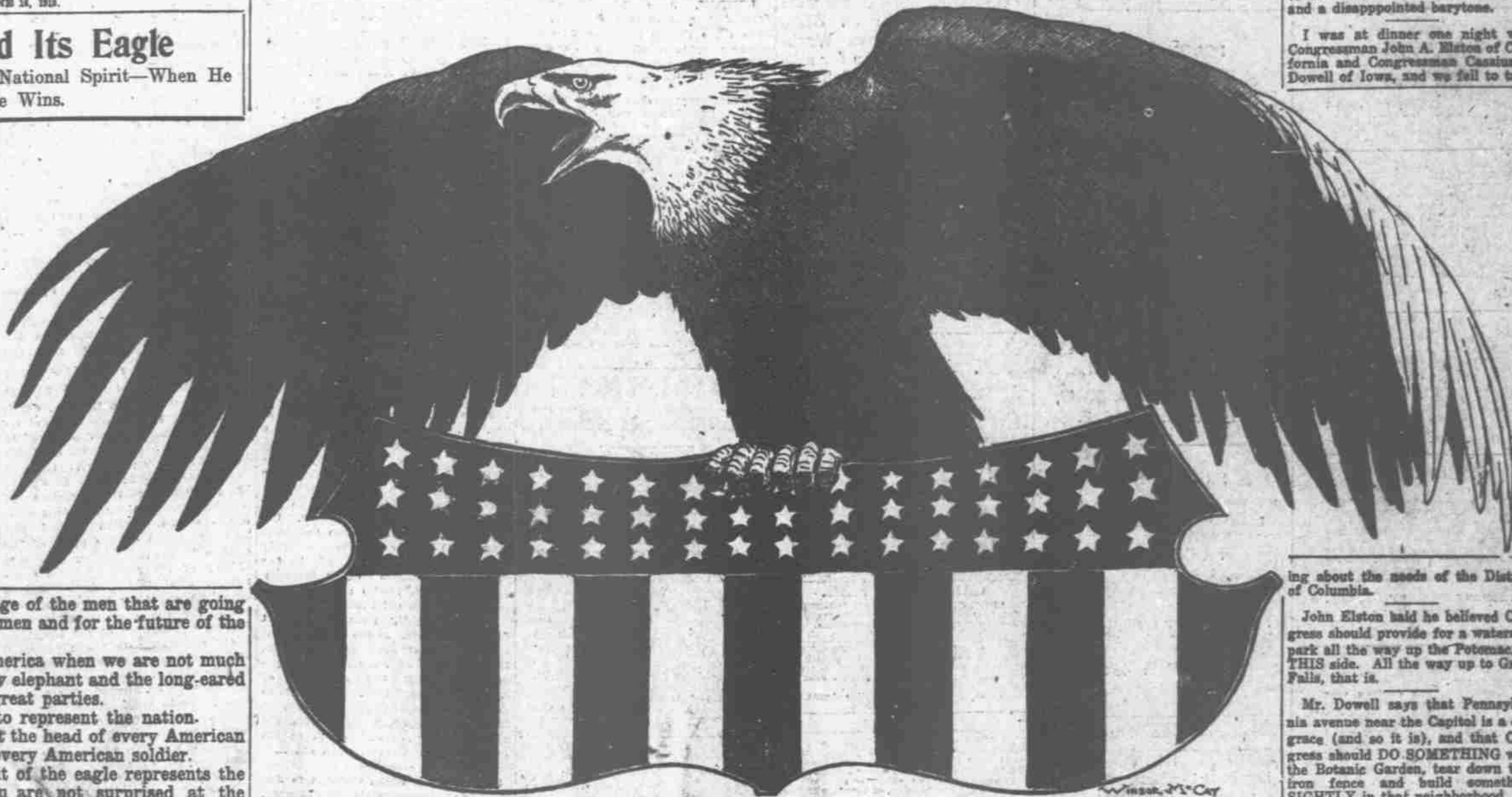
The American eagle is on the wing. His sons are marching, millions are mobilized, almost a million are on the far side, hundreds of thousands crowding the ships.

We came to this country a feeble handful and developed Liberty here. We go back a mighty army to protect Liberty there.

A great glory for a great nation.

READY---FACING THE EAST

Here Is the King of the Eagles—the Only King Here. His Wings Are Spread. He Is Ready. It Takes a Big Bird a Little While to Get Under Way. This One Has Started, Look Out Where He Strikes.



ALGEBRA IS EXCELLENT MENTAL TONIC

By Garrett P. Serviss.

"Do you think that concentrating upon a study like algebra would make one's mind more vivid?"—M. E. R.

CONCENTRATING upon any subject will energize the mind. Concentration is the great secret of all success. Since you say that you wish to strengthen your powers of computation, algebra would be a particularly good subject for you to attack, after you have mastered the principles of common arithmetic. One of the definitions of algebra is "generalized arithmetic," or, as Newton called it, "universal arithmetic."

Algebra is a very beautiful science, and, even in its most elementary forms, a powerful instrument for the discovery of truth. A thoughtful boy, when first he becomes aware of the seemingly magical qualities locked up in an algebraic equation and so easily called forth to help him out of his difficulties by the application of a simple key, feels something of the wondering delight that the little Arab Aladdin had in rubbing his marvelous lamp and seeing the obedient genie spring into sight, ready and able to build him a palace of diamonds, or marry him to the Sultan's daughter, or transport him and his bride from China to Africa in the twinkling of an eye, or perform any other apparently impossible task.

Magical Key. The letter "x" becomes to his eyes the sign and symbol of mathematical magic, and truly there is no magic like that of mathematics! There is no other study that puts so irresistible a weapon and so useful a tool in the hands of human intelligence. The entire weight of modern material civilization, and of much modern civilization that is not "material," rests upon a mathematical foundation.

The best part of education, best because most useful, is mathematical—arithmetic, geometry, algebra, trigonometry. The surest token of man's infinite superiority to count, to reckon, to add, subtract, multiply, divide, to calculate, to measure, to foresee and foretell by analysis and induction, based on solid, verifiable, incontrovertible facts. Metaphysics does not place man on a pedestal, or if it does the pedestal is one composed of clouds—clouds that are continually rolling, and shifting in form and outline. Modern psychology is a great and progressive science, but the old speculative philosophy never advanced; it simply drifted from dream to dream.

Even such subjects as politics and sociology are more and more found to rest upon mathematics. A few years ago I happened to stay over night in a hotel in Cologne, and there I met a brilliant young American mathematician who had gone to Europe to study sociology from the mathematical standpoint, which does not mean merely counting persons and amassing statistics, but applying exact analysis to great bodies of facts, and deducing conclusions which may eventually prove comparable for accuracy and reliability with the results of an engineer's calculations on the digging of a canal or the boring of a tunnel.

His Recreation. There is no branch of solid knowledge that is not based on mathematics. That is true of electricity in a very notable degree. It is true of physics, mechanics and all the arts of construction. And there is no man whose thinking is as true, unwavering, direct, clear and straight to the point as is that of the mathematician. To get cobwebs out of your brain study any branch of mathematics.

The greatest mathematician who ever lived, Sir Isaac Newton, was a thorough believer in God as "an intelligent and omnipotent Being, ruling the universe." The best mathematician I ever personally knew was a devout Christian. Such men are able clearly to see the limits beyond which physical science cannot be carried without calling in question the existence of something to which science is inapplicable. It is in vain efforts to cross this line that men become involved and lost in mental fogs.

MESSAGE OF THE WIND FROM AFAR

By Winifred Black

"YES," said the woman in the black dress. "Yes; he would have been ten years old today—if he had lived." And then we went and bought violets, blue and white, and sweet almonds, and old-fashioned stock, pink and white, and some lilies, fair and gracious, and full of something sweet, like memory—for we were in California, where the flowers bloom in the winter time—and we went out to the little cross in the hills and laid our flowers upon the grass, and all the way home we talked of the little boy who would have been ten years old if he had lived.

I could remember many things about him, for I knew him well, and he loved me very dearly. And we spoke of his chubby little hands and his clear eyes and his light and loving heart, and the way he used to sing early in the morning like a lark or a robin, and she could not keep from wondering about it all, the woman in the black dress.

Does He Know? "I can't realize it," she said, over and over. "He would have been ten today. Why, it would have been no time at all before he was a man, and he always seemed such a little, foolish, good-humored, happy boy to me. I suppose he would have seemed so to the day of my death, even if he had lived to have a family of his own, and ask me to come and stay with him and do my best to comfort him when his little boy went away to stay."

"How little the years seem to me sometimes, and sometimes how much!" And she took out an old-fashioned locket that had been her mother's, and looked at the picture in it and smiled.

"I never understood her before," she said. "I never realized. I wonder if she knows now." And it was cool in the evening, and we sat by the fire and listened to the wind, and heard now and then the soft whisper of the sea, and wondered what they were trying to say to us—the wind and the sea—the two strange brothers who have always so much to tell each other.

Ten years old he would have been. How often we say things like that. I wonder what they mean by it.

Is he not ten years old today, no matter where he is, just as much as if he were with us in this world that is not always sunshine and laughter?

When he left it all behind him, the misery and the disappointment and the cruelty of the thing we call life, did he stop growing, I wonder, or did he begin to grow really for the first time?

How old will he be ten years from now? Will he remember the little boy he left behind him, the ball and bat and the baseball glove that were the joy and pride of his heart, the tennis racket, the books he was so fond of and used to read over and over, word for word, till he knew them all by heart?

The dog that was his, that used to wait for him at the steps of the schoolhouse door. He's gone, too. He ran away after the little boy had said good-by. Does the little boy know where he is, do you suppose, and does he remember?

Is there much for him to learn in the new life he has entered; enough to keep him very, very busy, so that he has no time to be lonely and to grieve for those he loves?

Wind and Sea. Is there a school there of any kind, and does he like the teachers and bring them flowers that he has gathered in the fields, and that she'll from the shore of the great sea? And are his lessons hard sometimes, and does he wish again that he could hurry up and grow to be a man?

How many mothers are wondering about it all today, all over the world?

It is all very well in the daytime, when there is work to do and other people to remember. But at night, when the moon shines white upon the ground, or when the clouds scurry over the sky, what is it the wind and the sea are always trying to say?

I wonder if the mothers of the brave boys who have died fighting "over there" in their blood and agony can understand the message of the sea and of the wind.

HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

FRED HASKIN, who used to be the city editor of the Shellbark, Mo., Weekly Struggle, tells me he was also a member of the Poison Ivy Quartet, with a voice which seemed to be a cross between a sour tenor and a disappointed barytone.

I was at dinner one night with Congressman John A. Elston of California and Congressman Cassius G. Dowell of Iowa, and we fell to talking about the needs of the District of Columbia.

John Elston said he believed Congress should provide for a waterside park all the way up the Potomac, on THIS side. All the way up to Great Falls, that is.

Mr. Dowell says that Pennsylvania avenue near the Capitol is a disgrace (and so it is), and that Congress should DO SOMETHING with the Botanic Garden, tear down that iron fence and build something SLIGHTLY in that neighborhood.

The news columns carry an announcement that DAVID E. MOYER has been picked out by the 315th Regiment at Camp Meade to "point out the Kaiser" when the boys get to Berlin. Mr. Moyer has a mass of the Kaiser.

All of which is interesting to people who remember David Moyer's initial piano appearance. One of his friends sends me this reminder: "About 1903 there appeared at Chase's Theater a little boy who was so small that he stood up to reach the keyboard of the piano. I remember that one of the places he played was Godard's Second Valse. His name was David Earl Moyer. Recalling that small boy and his excellent playing makes the present news of great interest."

That bump in front of COMMISSIONER GARDINER'S house is worse than ever. In fact all of Newark street hill is a mass of bad paving.

If a Commissioner can't get his own street fixed, what chance has the rest of us?

Sayings of Well-known Men. COL. ROBERT N. HARPER: "We're going to have the best looking bank in the world, when the workmen get it done."

JOHN ANSCHUTZ, 1008 Park road asks very pertinently: "Who remembers when you could get an egg sandwich for five cents, and an Irish stew for ten cents?"

EDDIE TOVIAL says there are two crying needs in Washington and that one of them is a writing room for soldiers in the Union Station.

Soldiers and sailors can do their writing, resting and reading in the big Y. M. C. A. LIBERTY HUT right in front of the station, and if anyone does not know about it, there should be more publicity attached to the HUT.

The other need, he says, is to tear down the unsightly fence about the Botanical Garden. He is right. That fence is hideous, unsightly and to my mind, cruel. It shuts in a beautiful park which should be as free as air. There is no need for that fence, now that the danger of cows breaking into the garden has been eliminated.

ALSO put LOTS of benches in the park.

No greater booster for Great Falls development lives than ELIJAH E. KNOTT, and this is what he has to say today: "I congratulate you on your editorial today: 'THE GOVERNMENT WILL HARNESS THE POTOMAC.' That is the essence of sense and justice. Long may you continue the genuine good upbuilding influence you are utilizing to the greatest advantage to the people."

"I know what you say about Canada—particularly the development of the Hydro-Electric System in Ontario, that gets its mother power from Niagara and then hitches waterfalls all over the province as auxiliary power. Electric power runs farm machinery, creameries, lights their houses, runs machinery in villages, towns and cities, and even is heating farm houses and villages and town houses, all at about one-third of what it costs here in Washington. We are certainly slow."

"Hand these to BILL PALMER," says a friend, who remembers the old huckster cries of the eighties: "Strawberries, Strawberries, Pretty Burries, Pretty Burries, SIX QUARTS FOR A QUAWTA. Red Ripe Watermelons, Red to the Rind; Ten Cent a piece, An' I'll plug 'em every time. Big Roe Herring; Ten cent a dozen for Big Roe Herring. Bring out yo' dish pan, HYah come the fish man."

"Mrs. J. A. NICOL, of 1314 Y street, proposes that children be employed at a thrift stamp a day to pick up the papers in the public parks. Not a bad idea. Many a little village has its town improvement association, where companies of children are formed to keep the lawns clean."

Old Theater Stuff "Here is the history of Lotta Mignon Grabtree as culled from old records. In 1855 she sang in an amateur performance at La Porte, Ind. At fourteen years she played 'Gertrude' in 'Loss of a Lover.' In 1844 she appeared in New York and made a pronounced hit in John Brown's 'Little Nell and the Marchioness,' which she repeated many times later. She played 'Topsy,' 'Sam Willoughby,' 'Freddy,' 'Zip,' 'Bob,' 'The Little Detective' and 'Nitochea.'

"Perhaps some of the old timers remember her in her riviandere costume, with a small cask of brandy slung a-bip, and smoking a real cigar. And she really smoked it, too, if memory serves. Doubt, however, that the lines called for a real nip from the brandy cask. At any rate, I never saw her take one.

"Who recalls Maggie Mitchell and Minnie Madden and the parts they made famous when all the world was young; and speed, scenery and scuffle did not constitute a theatrical performance?

"To those interested I recommend a visit to the display of photos and bills of former celebrities now at the Library of Congress. If nothing more rewards them they will see two lovely photographs of 'Our Mary' in street dress and as 'Hermione,' in which character I had the pleasure of seeing her at Deury Lane Theater, in London, at the Shakespeare Tercentenary, in 1913. Thirty years ago I saw her in the same character in the old Boston Theater. There was only one Mary Anderson—there never will be another."

"Had the pleasure of escorting a lady home from the theater last night and waited very patiently from 11:30 until 12:50 o'clock for a Cabs John car; their schedule calls for one every half hour. Inquired at Georgetown as to delay in cars and was told the car went by all right, but the 'very efficient non-union conductors' failed to change their signs to read Cabs John and the car went by routed presumably to Georgetown. The WRECO is still doing very efficient work."

"SUFFERING PUBLIC" June 4.

That Patent Office Firm. "Old Patriarch" and "Northern Liberties" are both right about the Patent Office firm. The Green & Osborn Livery and Sales Stables on G street northwest, near Seventh, burned in 1878, sparks fired the Patent Office. Engines from Backus City came over E. & O. R. R. (forty minutes), and helped extinguish the bad fire. The 1880 fire was a small matter; spontaneous combustion the cause.

Yours, OLD TIMER, 909 Ninth St. N. W.

Wonderful Alexandria! "What a sight for the millions of our allies!" Correct. BUT, again; also what a sight for everybody in the beautiful scenery in and around Alexandria—fence-rows of rusty tin cans, wash-bottles, etc., and a block in Alexandria littered with rubbish and garbage. And have you ever ridden on such a trolley line anywhere else in this country? That sure is some "rocky road." Why not touch up the pride of Alexandria?

E. A. VAN ALLEN.

Show Your Colors. I note that forty-five "conscientious objectors" who refused to fight, or even wear the uniform of the country, were given twenty-five-year sentences at hard labor. I believe that the country as a whole heartily approves of such drastic action. But why confine the visiting of penalties on these fellows alone who have had such doctrine instilled into them from their youth? Why not go after the "objector"—not "conscientious"—who fails to contribute to war activities—neither buys bonds nor stamps, nor contributes to the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A., nor assists in food conservation, many of them on the Government payroll in Washington? Why not make the ABSENCE of window evidence of contributing to these things a badge of shame, and bring the householders without such window signs to the notice of the public?

Ben one dollar will buy a Red Cross window card, surely it is no hardship to ask them to place it where their neighbors can see it. Winning this war is everybody's business, and it is certainly due the loyal citizens to know who are the disloyal. Yours very truly, "B. J. W."

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